

# CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

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"WHAT THOU SEEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE—CHURCHES."

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## MASSACHUSETTS COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

We have before us a copy of the proceedings of this Society, at its last annual meeting in Boston, Feb. 7, 1833. From its pages we extract the following portion of a speech delivered by the Hon. A. H. Everett. In these remarks the speaker gives a clear, simple, and unvarnished exposure of the motives which induced the formation of the Colonization Society, its objects and progress up to this time, and the simultaneous occurrence of events of recent date, in connection with which there opens upon the mind, a very animating prospect of future blessings to the world from the operations of the American Colonization Society.—We give this extract, because we think it embodies, in few words, just what our readers in the country would be glad to know; being deprived as they are, of access to the more voluminous reports of the Society.

Hon. Alexander H. Everett moved the acceptance of the Report, and made, in substance, the following remarks.

The idea, Mr. President, which first suggested the establishment of this Association, was extremely simple. There are constantly many persons among the proprietors of slaves in the Southern States, who are desirous, from various motives, to give them their liberty—some for the purpose of relieving themselves from a troublesome and dangerous neighbourhood, and others from conscientious scruples as to the propriety of retaining them in servitude, and all, probably, from a wish to promote their happiness. But before the establishment of this Association, it was found very difficult for such persons to realize their benevolent views, in consequence of the embarrassing position of the slaves after their emancipation. In some of the States free blacks are not permitted to reside; in others their situation is, for obvious reasons, uncomfortable; in none will they be able, while the present prejudice against their color remains in full force, to place themselves on a footing of perfect social and political equality with the whites. Under these circumstances, the idea naturally occurred to some benevolent persons, that by planting a Colony of free and civilized blacks upon the coast of Africa, an asylum might be provided where the manumitted slave, returning to the home of his fathers, might enjoy with his recovered liberty, the political and social rights and blessings, with out which liberty is not worth having.

Such, Sir, if I rightly understand the matter, was the simple object for which this Association was originally formed, and if it never had effect, it were never likely to effect any other good than that of furnishing a convenient refuge for emancipated slaves, and thus facilitating and encouraging the process of emancipation, it would be well entitled to public favor.—But, such is the wise and beautiful economy of Providence, that when we sincerely and honestly attempt to accomplish some good purpose, we generally find that we also promote, at the same time, various others of a kindred character, that are directly or indirectly connected with it—often much more important than the one originally intended. The founders of the Colonization Society contemplated, probably, the formation of a new settlement, where an oppressed and suffering class of our countrymen might rest from their labors. This they are accomplishing, but they are accomplishing, and will accomplish a great deal more. Sir, they have taken the first steps in an enterprise, of which the final results will be the complete abolition of the slave trade and the regeneration of the great continent of Africa. It is now about fifteen years since the Association was formed, and so rapidly have its consequences been realized, that it has already become the object of admiration throughout the world.—One of the most enlightened and distinguished noblemen in England—Lord Althorpe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer—at a late public meeting, pronounced the foundation of the Colony of Liberia to be one of the greatest events of modern times.

Sir, I cannot help viewing it in that light. It is now apparent, that the great evil of the slave trade was the means, prepared in the order of Providence, for planting the germs of improvement among the black race, and ultimately restoring them to their ancient rank in the great human family. The success of the Colony of Liberia will doubtless lead to the establishment of others on the same principles in other parts of the coast, until it is finally covered by a continuous chain of these settlements. This will effectually cut off the accursed traffic in human flesh, which all the other means that have been adopted for the purpose have only seemed to aggravate. From the coast, the arts and comforts of life, education, religion, will gradually extend themselves into the interior, until, as we may reasonably hope, they effect a complete revolution in the condition of the inhabitants, and bring them back to the high state of civilization which, at a former period of their history, a part of them at least appear to have attained.

A variety of circumstances, Mr. President, seem to concur to render the present moment, and the place where the Colony has been founded, the most propitious that could possibly have been selected for such a purpose. At a time when the failure of innumerable attempts to explore the central regions of Africa, and the untimely death of the enterprising travellers who have engaged in them, had nearly induced

the friends of humanity and improvement to abandon the undertaking, two or three parties, more fortunate than their predecessors, have succeeded almost simultaneously in penetrating by different routes, into the heart of the interior of this mysterious continent. All the great geographical problems connected with it, that had so long baffled the curiosity of inquirers, are now solved. An obscure and unpretending Frenchman, without education or advantages; two English brothers, belonging to the class of domestic servants, have, to their lasting honor, accomplished what scientific travellers and powerful associations had so long attempted in vain. The position of Timbuctoo has at last been ascertained—the course of the Niger has been explored.—That river has been found to empty itself into the Atlantic Ocean at a point very remote from the infant Colony of Liberia. The portion of Africa which it waters appears, from the accounts of these travellers, to be one of the finest regions on the globe—resembling in its physical characteristics the valley of the Mississippi—blest with every advantage of soil and climate, covered with towns and villages, peopled by a race who have made no inconsiderable progress in the arts of life.—Within a few years, perhaps months, we shall hear of steam boats navigating this unexplored river, of which, two years ago, the most learned geographer did not know the direction or outlet. Thus a free and easy communication with the most populous and cultivated portions of Africa has happily been opened at the very moment when the first germs of improvement have been planted on the coast, and every facility is afforded for a rapid diffusion of their fruits over the whole continent.

I confess, Mr. President, that I look forward with much satisfaction to the results of these interesting events. I anticipate with great pleasure the period when the whole South-western coast of Africa will be covered with flourishing settlements of free blacks, and when a constant and free intercourse will be held between them and the inland nations in their neighbourhood. I rejoice at it, not merely because it will open to our enterprising merchants a new and lucrative branch of trade—although this of itself is no contemptible advantage—but, Sir, I rejoice at it because it will, as I have already remarked, utterly and forever annihilate that abominable traffic, which, for the last three centuries has been the standing disgrace of Christendom: I rejoice at it, because it will elevate millions of our fellow-men from a rude and semi-barbarous, to a civilized condition.—Is it not delightful, Sir, to think that the scho-master who, we are told, is abroad every where, will shortly be at home in Africa? that the light of learning will very soon visit her populous towns and cities? that the apostle of the true religion will pitch his tent under the shade of her lofty palm trees? that the banks of her broad and noble rivers will resound with the sweet music of the songs of Zion? Is there any thing visionary in these anticipations?—Sir, they are simple statements of facts which are going on before our eyes. While I am now speaking, the enterprising brothers, who first broke the spell, which for ages precluded, had shrouded the course of the Niger in a cloud of impenetrable mystery, are ascending that river with their steam boats. While I am now speaking, preparations are making in this very city, to take advantage of the first opening afforded by the discoveries that they may make, for the purpose of establishing missionary stations in the heart of Africa. No, Sir, there is nothing visionary in all this. I have stated merely facts, but they are facts more strange, more interesting, more delightful than the fairest dreams of the most poetical fancy.

In all this movement, Mr. President, the Colony at Liberia, and the others that will probably be established on the same plan, will be among the most effective and useful instruments. But, Sir, we are sometimes told that all these efforts will be unavailing—that the African is a degraded member of the human family—that a man with a dark skin and curled hair is necessarily, as such, incapable of improvement and civilization, an condemned by the vice of his physical conformation to vegetate forever in a state of hopeless barbarism. Mr. President, I reject with contempt an indignation this miserable heresy. In replying to it, the friends of truth and humanity have not hitherto done justice to the argument. In order to prove that the blacks were capable of intellectual efforts, they have painfully collected a few imperfect specimens of what some of them have done in this way, even in the degraded condition which they occupy at present in Christendom. Sir, this is not the way to treat the subject. Go back to an earlier period in the history of our race. See what the blacks were, and what they did, three thousand years ago, in the period of their greatness and glory, when they occupied the fore front in the march of civilization—when they constituted, in fact, the whole civilized world of their time.—Trace this very origin, and see where you will find it. We received it from our European ancestors—they had it from the Greeks and Romans, and the Jews. But, Sir, where did the Greeks, the Romans, and the Jews get it? They derived it from Ethiopia and Egypt—in one word—from Africa. Mankind were told, was instructed in all the learning of the Egyptians.—The founders of the principal Grecian cities—such as Athens, Thebes, and Delphi—came from Egypt, and for centuries afterwards, their descendants returned to that country, as the source and centre of civilization. There it was that the generous and stirring spirits of the time—Herodotus, Homer, Plato, Pythagoras, and the rest, made their noble voyages of intellectual and moral discovery, as ours now make them in England, France, Germany, and Italy. Sir, the Egyptians were the masters of the Greeks and Jews, and consequently of all the modern nations in civilization, and they had carried it very nearly as far—in some respects, perhaps, a good deal further than any subsequent people. The ruins of the Egyptian temples laugh to scorn the architectural monuments of any other part of the world. They will be, what they are now, the delight and admiration of travellers from all quarters, when the grass is growing on the sites of St. Peter's and St. Paul's—the present pride of Rome and London.

Well, Sir, who were the Egyptians? They were Africans—and of what race?—It is sometimes pretended, that, though Africans, and of Ethiopian extraction, they were not black. But what says the father of history—who had travelled among them, and knew their appearance as well as we know that of our neighbours in Canada? Sir, Herodotus tells you that the Egyptians were blacks, with curled hair. Some writers have undertaken to dispute his authority, but I cannot bring myself to believe, that the father of history did not know black from white. It seems, therefore, that for this very civilization of which we are so proud, and which is the only ground of our present claim of superiority, we are indebted to the ancestors of these very blacks, whom we are pleased to consider as naturally incapable of civilization.

So much for the supposed inferiority of the colored race, and their incapacity to make any progress in civilization and improvement. And it is worth while, Mr. President, to remark, that the prejudice which is commonly entertained in this country, but which does not exist to any thing like the same extent in Europe, against the color of the blacks, seems to have grown out of the unnatural position which they occupy among us. At the period to which I just alluded, when the blacks took precedence of the whites in civilization, science, and political power, no such prejudice appears to have existed. The early Greek writers speak of the Ethiopians and Egyptians as a superior variety of the species—superior, not merely in intellectual and moral qualities, but what may seem to be much more remarkable, in outward appearance. The Ethiopians, says Herodotus, excel all other nations in longevity, stature, and personal beauty. The black prince, Memnon, who served among the Trojan auxiliaries at the siege of Troy, (probably an Egyptian prince), is constantly spoken of by the Greek and Latin writers, as a person of extraordinary beauty, and is qualified as the son of Aurora, or the Morning. There are, in short, no traces of any prejudice whatever against the color of the blacks, like that which has grown up in modern times, and which is obviously the result of the relative condition of the two races. This prejudice forms at present, as was correctly observed by President Madison in one of his speeches in the late Virginia Convention, the chief obstacle to the practical improvement of the condition of that portion of them who reside in this country. If they were of the same race with ourselves, the process of emancipation would be rapid, and almost imperceptible, as happened in Europe, when the mass of the population passed, in the course of two or three centuries, from a state of village to that of personal independence, with so little trouble or commotion, that there are scarcely traces enough left in the history of the times to inform us of the means by which the change was immediately accomplished.

## CONVERSION OF TWO PHYSICIANS FROM SKEPTICISM.

[Concluded.]

"ONE BORN OUT OF DUE SEASON."

I was born in a Christian land, and taught to read by my mother. When about eight years old, I had read the bible through in course, but had never attended school, and seldom read any book but the bible. And being compelled to read, I became fond of it. I was instructed by my mother and our minister, in the principles of the Christian religion, and according to the best of my recollection, baptized when about nine or ten years old, and generally attended meeting on the Sabbath. I sometimes had serious impressions, and continued in that partial belief of the truths of the Christian religion, which is common among the unregenerate.—When about twenty years of age, I commenced the study of medicine and philosophy; and began to form some acquaintance with the world, and became a little skeptical. In my twenty-sixth year I began reading such books as Paine's Age of Reason, Volney, Voltaire, &c. My mind became established, as I thought, permanently, in infidel principles. I afterwards gave no thought to the subject of religion, by reading or reasoning any further. In this state I lived almost forty years. After having, as I thought, abandoned the moral restraints of Christianity, I found it proper and necessary to form, for myself, some moral rules for governing my conduct; and, notwithstanding the imperfection of these rules, and my deficiency in living according to them, they have been useful to me. I believe they originated in the religious instruction I had previously received; and that I owed much to Christianity, even in my unregenerate state, notwithstanding my disposition to reject it. I was led to impose these restraints upon myself, partly by observing the consequences of a want of them in others; particularly some of my associates, who had abandoned religion as I had done. Near the time of imbibing these principles a dark and gloomy prospect opened to my mind. In the scenes of adversity through which I passed, I experienced the most extreme degree of anguish, in silence and solitude. My friends were few. I was in a state of humble dependence, and poverty, with a far greater weight of suffering from other and more important circumstances. In this state of feeling I passed about five years; life had no charms, and death no terrors. In this condition I was taken sick, and confined near six months. When I had so far recovered as to be able to go abroad I wandered from home—spent one winter in the West Indies—passed away a year, in poor health, among strangers, and indifferent to life. All this I endured with a stubborn mind, setting myself in opposition to all obstacles, refusing to acknowledge God, and never offering a petition to Him, who alone is able to give. On my return home in the course of two or three months my health was established, and soon after, the dark cloud of adversity seemed as if passing away. To avoid the odium of being called an infidel, and not willing to sport with, or wound the feelings of others, who believed differently from myself, I have been silent on the subject of religion, communicating my mind only to a few, and these such as embraced similar sentiments. I have also endeavored to keep such infidel books as I had read myself, from my family, fearing they might be injured by them.

As I thought some of my acquaintance had seen. Such has been my life, and my views, until the time of the protracted meeting in July last, when Rev. Mr. F. came to my house, and began conversation with me. My answers were short and repulsive. Being under no obligation to answer his questions, and the inquiries being useless, according to my views, I finally refused to answer. Previous to this, and during the meeting, I had heard Mr. F. preach two sermons, and although I felt some opposition, I was a little pleased with one of his sermons. After the interview with him I began to reflect on what had passed, the abrupt answers I had given him, &c. The next day I felt so much condemned, as to be ready, had an opportunity presented, to call him in and to divulge my whole mind to him alone, but had no suitable opportunity. After this I frequently saw Mr. H., our minister, and conversed with him, and at last made the exposure to him of my whole mind with all its deformities. He reasoned with me, and pointed to some appropriate reading. The subject was pressed upon me from various quarters, until I agreed to go into the investigation of it. I have frequently witnessed the state of mind of those who considered their lives about to close; and many who were in full assurance of making a happy exchange in meeting their God. I have been ready to call it a delusion. But when I surveyed their looks, and heard their expressions, their calm resignation, unshaken faith, and anticipation of future happiness, I could almost say, "I wished for the same delusion." I sometimes contrasted their calm composure in the hour of death, with the cold and gloomy prospect of the infidel, without a cheering ray of confidence in a future existence. I frequently tried to say to myself, when looking at my offspring, "you shall perpetuate my existence." I have, while in a belief that the soul terminated with the body, found a most appalling train of thought, and my prospective vision filled with a melancholy gloom. The subject of religion has been pressed upon me in my own house and by my own family. I have witnessed the dying entreaties, and prayers of a much loved daughter, yet fresh in my memory; the silent grief and secret intercessions of a bosom companion; the solicitations and prayers of almost the whole of a numerous family, all calling on me to change my course and go with them. I finally viewed the subject in its effects on individuals and families, on different countries and nations. I called to mind the unhappy condition of the French nation, where infidelity has prevailed to a great extent for forty years past; their vices multiplied almost beyond description, and their religion almost extinct.

With these reflections of my own mind, the prayers and entreaties of kind neighbors and friends, and above all, the blessing of God, I was convinced of the reasonableness, the justice and propriety of submission to the revealed will of God; to take the bible for my guide, and make the attempt to live a new and a better life.—And in this resolution I find my hitherto stubborn will to soften, and melt down. I find it easy to implore the forgiveness of God, and surrender altogether to his just claims. I renounce all my past transgressions, and rely alone on Christ, for pardon, justification, and eternal life.

[Note. For some time previous to the hopeful conversion of this man, he was the subject of unceasing prayer, by his family, and a little band of Christians who had agreed together to intercede for him. Let pious wives who have unfaithful husbands, and pious children who have infidel fathers, not despair, but pray and not faint.]

## IMPORTANCE OF PERSONAL RELIGION.

"Take heed to yourself, lest you mistake an increase of gifts for a growth in grace." Your knowledge of the Scriptures, your abilities for explaining them, and your ministerial talents in general, may considerably increase, by reading, study, and public exercise; while real godliness is far from flourishing in your heart. For, among all the apostolic churches, none seem to have abounded more in the enjoyment of spiritual gifts than the church at Corinth; yet few of them appear to have been in a more unhappy state, or more deserving of reproof. I have long been of opinion, my brother, that no professors of the genuine Gospel have more need to be on their guard against self-deception, respecting the true state of religion in their own souls, than those who statelyly dispense the gracious truth. For, as it is their calling and their business, frequently to read their Bibles, and to think much on spiritual things—to pray and preach, and often to converse about the affairs of piety; they will, if not habitually cautious, do it all *ex officio*, or merely as the work of their ministerial calling, without feeling their own interest in it.

"To grow in love to God, and in zeal for his honor, in conformity to the will of Christ, and in heavenly mindedness, should be your first concern. Look well, therefore, to your internal character. For it is awful to think of appearing as a minister, without being *real* a Christian; or of any one officially watching over the souls of others, who is habitually unmindful of his own immortal interests.

"In the course of your public ministry, and in a great variety of instances, you may perhaps find it impracticable to enter into the true spirit of a precept, or of a prohibition, so as to reach its full meaning, and its various application, without feeling yourself convicted by it.—In cases of this kind, you must fall under the conviction secretly before God, and pray over it with undissimulated contrition: agreeably to that saying, 'Thou that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?' When ministers hardly ever make this practical application of their public admonitions and cautions, as if their own spiritual interests were not concerned in them, their consciences will grow callous, and their situation, with regard to eternity, extremely dangerous. For, this being habitually neglected, how can they be considered as 'walking humbly with God?' which, nevertheless, is of such essential importance in the Christian life, that, without it, all pretences to true piety are vain."—James' Advice to Church Members.

## THE DUTY OF EMBRACING EVERY OPPORTUNITY OF DOING GOOD.

When we consider the extreme uncertainty of our abode on earth; that it is the only period of our immortal existence in which it will be possible for us to promote the spiritual good of a careless world; and that, at last, we must give an account of the improvement we have made of every talent of usefulness with which we have been entrusted; we ought to be habitually on the watch, to avail ourselves of every opportunity of doing good; of turning to some useful account our intercourse with those around us. We know not when those who have never made any profession of Christianity, may feel a desire to have their attention directed to subjects of a religious nature. I knew a young man, gay and thoughtless, who was intentionally left by a pious relative alone, for half an hour, in a room with a Christian friend. This relative had not, indeed, hinted his design to this friend; but he counted upon his embracing the opportunity thus afforded, of introducing something that was useful. He, on the other hand, thought that he would rather suit his conversation to his company; and, to the great disappointment of the young man, talked all the while on indifferent subjects.

We know not how far certain serious thoughts may be, at particular seasons, passing through a man's mind, whose general character may be of quite a different description. Every man, we believe, has his reflecting moments, and we have no doubt there is something often secretly working within, very different from what external appearances would indicate. In the midst of apparent gaiety, there is often a deep-seated want of inward satisfaction, and a secret suspicion, if it amount to nothing more, that all is not right. This has often been acknowledged afterwards, by those who have been led to serious reflection, though, at the time, no one would have suspected them of any such secret uneasiness.

In endeavouring, indeed, to introduce what is useful, we are apt to be repelled by the mortifying disappointments we must often meet with. Perhaps we shall find, that what is hinted from the purest motives is treated with total indifference, if not with ridicule and contempt. But such disappointments must not discourage us. When we meet with a stranger, it is always worth while, at least, to attempt to suggest something that is calculated to do good. The manner in which it is received, will very soon discover the tone of sentiment of those with whom we may be called, for the season, to associate. If a useful sentiment that is dropped should be treated with silence, or with open and avowed aversion, it is a consolation to think it may perhaps be recollected afterwards, under more favorable impressions. But as a counterbalance for frequent mortifications and disappointments, we may frequently be surprised by the most pleasing discoveries, or perceive the happiest effects produced. A stranger, into whose society we have been thrown, apparently in the most incidental manner, may be found either one who is a believer of the Gospel, or one who is disposed to listen, with some measure of candor and attention, to the important principles it contains.

In like manner, we ought never to despair of any one, so as to be induced to neglect such opportunities as may occur, of endeavouring to promote his spiritual profit. As the state of men's minds is often affected by circumstances altogether unknown to us, even though we might be discouraged by a knowledge of their general habits and character, they may be more disposed to listen to us at one time than at another, without our being able to assign a particular reason for it.—lb.

From the Chinese Repository for November.

## THE BUDDHISM OF SIAM.

BY REV. CHARLES GUTZLAF.

Buddhism appears, of late, to have attracted very much the attention of scholars in Europe. Though this far extended superstition is found, in the several countries which have adopted it, under a variety of forms and local peculiarities, yet there are certain general characteristics which render it at all times easily recognizable, as originally the same, in all countries where it has prevailed. But to trace its nature from the works, almost innumerable, which have been written on Buddhism, in the Bali or Pali language, is perfectly impossible; for with no religious creed has such extravagant and incomprehensible language been employed in the delineation of its dogmas—language which can convey to the reader's mind nothing but confusion. So long, indeed, as these voluminous writings confine themselves to the delightful regions of Magadha, or South Bahar, (the birth-place of Buddha,) they are intelligible; but as soon as they ascend to the celestial regions, and the Buddhist paradise, or launch into the unfathomable depths of the metempsychosis, and the innumerable Kalpas, the reader is lost in a chaos of unmeaning words, or of the grossest absurdities.

"The restorer of the peace and happiness of mankind," in Siam is Sommona Kodom, who is said to have been born at Ceylon, or Lanka, as their sacred books call it. This individual was the founder of Buddhism in Laos, Cambodia, and Siam. Whether he was a disciple of Buddha himself, I have never been able to make out.—His life is described as a series of the most benevolent actions. He bested woe upon all who asked them; and he even went so far as to kill his own family, in order to feed the priests. Not satisfied with these outward actions, he practised habitual mortification of his body by fasting and prayer, whereby he acquired a fame for sanctity, and great renown amongst all his contemporaries. In consequence of this great sanctity, he obtained power to work miracles, and to assume whatever size and stature he pleased. At one time, he appeared a mighty colossus; at another, he became so diminutive as scarcely to be perceptible. Things past, present, and to come were all open before him. With the swiftness of thought he could transport himself from one place to another. Great were his exploits, incontestable his power!—But, after the performance of so many great and wonderful actions, he died in a fit of anger,



for having eaten pork. After death he advanced to the highest state of happiness—*annihilation*, while at the same time he remains the great benefactor of all that moves on earth. Another Simmona Kodom is yet to come, who will perfect the work of his predecessor, and restore eternal peace; after which all will move on in unceasing metamorphosis, till the whole be swallowed up in annihilation.

Such is the hero of Siamese Buddhism. His votaries are very numerous. They have taken possession of the fat of the land. They live in a state of celibacy. Their houses, not dissimilar to cells, are built in the neighbourhood of their temples or pagodas. The greater part of the day they spend in idleness; but towards evening, as the sun goes down, they assemble to recite their vespers. The dawn of the morning calls them to the exercises of their menial functions; when they are accompanied by their disciples, carrying a large basin for the reception of food. They stop before every house, and receive from the inmates boiled rice, vegetables, and meat. With these supplies they hasten homewards. As the food they receive is more abundant than they themselves can consume, they feed, being the only instructors of youth, they usually have some boys as their pupils, who, at the same time, act as their servants. The houses built for these priests, or *talapays*, are far better even than those of the inferior nobility. Thus, while nominally they have retired from the world, and renounced its pleasures, they are in reality far more comfortable than those who continue in the exercise of worldly business, laboring for such a numerous host of idlers.

Priests are present at all the religious ceremonies of the Siamese. They also repair to the houses of individuals, to recite prayers, and to initiate children into the duties of the world, which is considered a peculiar ceremony. In all respectable families, there are, at stated periods, a species of prayer meetings, or domestic services. On these occasions, a *talapay* attends to recite prayers, which he reads, in a monotonous singing tone, from a Pali work. During this time, his auditors all remain in a kneeling posture. When he perceives that they have become tired and drowsy, he ends the service, and is then regaled with food; after which the assembly disperses. But the principal duty of a *talapay* is to learn the Pali language. A few only acquire such a knowledge of it as to *understand* even the easiest words which it contains. The major part are satisfied when they can read it fluently.

The Siamese *nuns* are generally old, decrepit females, who act as the servants of the *talapays*. They are treated with very great contempt, and do not exercise any religious functions.

The vows of a *talapay* are not binding. He may enter, leave, and re-enter the priesthood at pleasure. Those, however, who have attained a high rank in the priesthood find it difficult to leave their elevated stations, and descend again to the commonality. On account of the great sanctity which attaches to the life of a priest, all the male population enter the priesthood for a time; nor are even the princes exempt from this duty. As may be supposed, these novices are not very exact in the performance of the duties required of them. And after having learned a little Pali, they enter again into the world. A *talapay* is not amenable to the laws. If he has committed a crime, he must be secularized before he can be punished. Even the king is required to pay his respects to these hierarchs, and to hear their exhortations in the most humble posture.

A few of the maxims to be observed by the Siamese priesthood are here subjoined.

"Dig not the earth, whereby that element is great in sultriness, which should rest undisturbed." "Neither sit nor sleep in so high a place as that of your superiors." The principal etiquette of the *talapays*, as well as of the whole nation, is in the manner of sitting. Inferiors must crouch down before their superiors, while the latter occupy the first and most elevated seat.

"A *talapay* who rides on a horse or an elephant, or who is carried in a palanquin, sins." He must avoid being burdensome to either beast or tree.

"A *talapay* who eats any thing that has life, sins." Even the kernels of fruits are included in the catalogue of prohibitions. The priests themselves cannot boil rice, for the grain is said to have life. Hence it is either given to them boiled, or their servants prepare it for them.

"A *talapay* who uses shoes that cover his heels, sins." Hence they wear sandals.

"A *talapay* who does not eat with crossed legs, sins." This is their general mode of sitting, as well when reciting prayers, as when—in the state of apathy which their law directs them to attain to—they are engaged in religious contemplations.

Suicide, which cannot, as in England, be here attributed to gloomy weather, is owing to the erroneous opinions entertained on religion. We should tire our readers were we to notice all the cases of this kind which we hear of—While writing one account, another and another is reported. A youth belonging to one of the government offices, being prevented by his father from marrying a prostitute, went, and with her took a dose of poison in his wine. He perished; the woman's life was saved by an early emetic. He, probably, was last attended to, and when it was too late. The poison had taken its full effect, and life was extinct.

We hear also of banitti coming at night, and carrying off young women from lonely houses near the banks of the river, then offering to return them for a ransom. Alas! there is no knowledge of God; no love to His name; or fear of His wrath in the land.

The young man alluded to above, died, the report says, at the Hwain, or "flower forest," as the haunts of prostitution and debauchery are called; for the Chinese, not only in their poetry, but also in their common phraseology, represent the paths of vice, as "strewn with flowers." Thus they lend their literature and their poetry to disguise the fact, that those paths and those abodes are "the way to hell; going down to the chambers of death." Prov. vii. 27.

From the Baptist Repository.

#### HOWLY ON THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

Translated from the Greek by Rev. J. Harbottle, Lancashire, England. It was found among a number of Greek sermons and manuscripts, and is ascribed to Gregory Thaumaturgus, who lived in the 3d century.

"It is a curious specimen of early preaching, and it will doubtless be read with pleasure as being the production of a bishop, delivered more than 1500 years ago. It is sent to us with the following note: 'I send you a sheet of the magazine containing the Translation of a sermon on Baptism, by Gregory Thaumaturgus. It is a valuable piece of antiquity, and if you

deem it worthy of a place in the Baptist Repository, it is at your service, Yours &c. J. H. Feb. 1, 1834.

Lovers of Christ, lovers of hospitality, lovers of the brethren, give kind entertainment to my tongue this day, and unfolding your ears to gates, by them give entrance to my discourse, and receive from me the preaching of salvation concerning the overwhelming (overwhelming) of Christ in the river Jordan; that so great a Master, to us so condescending, ye may more earnestly desire. For though the celebration of our Saviour's advent is now past, yet the grace of it for ever remains. With this let us feast our hungry souls, for it is well to be hungry for the things of salvation. Come then, all of you out of Galilee, let us urge on into Judea along with Christ, for happy is he that is a fellow-traveller in the way of life. Come then, and let us arrive at Jordan, and let us behold John the Baptist baptizing him that needed not baptism, that he might bestow the emblem of our regeneration shadowed forth in those waters.

"Then cometh Jesus of Galilee unto Jordan to John, to be baptized of him." Oh! how great the humiliation! how great the condescension of the Lord! the King of the heavens hastens to John, his own fore-runner—not advancing along with him the angelic camp—not being heralded by the disembodied powers, but unattended he approaches his soldier thus, and coming as one of the multitude. The Redeemer numbers himself with the captives, the Judge placeth himself among the criminals, the good Shepherd gathers himself among the lost sheep. He that hath left the heavens for the sake of the wandering sheep descends from heaven, the grain of heavenly wheat, though not sown with the tares, is mingled with them. Therefore John the Baptist having seen him, and knowing him whom he had known and worshipped from his infancy—knowing this to be the very person for the sake of whom he had leaped while in the womb, surpassing the bounds of nature—he drew his right hand bowing in the foldings of his mantle, and humbly bowing his head as a servant that revered his master, he addressed Jesus in these words:

"I have need to be baptized of thee and comest thou unto me? What doest thou, Lord? Why chapest thou the order of things? Why with the servants seestest thou from a servant things which pertain to servants? Why wouldst thou receive what thou needest not? Why burdenest thou me thy servant with this vast condescension? I have need to be baptized by thee, but thou hast no need to be baptized by me. The less is blessed by the greater, and the greater is not sanctified by the less. The candle is outshone by the sun but the sun is not illumined by the dim taper. The clay is fashioned by the potter, but the potter is not formed by the clay. The creature is renewed by the creator but the creator is not rectified by the creature. The patient is healed by the physician but the physician is not directed by the patient. The indigent borrows of the wealthy but the wealthy receives not alms from the indigent. I am not ignorant who thou art, and from whence thou hast shone forth. Though thou hast been born for my sake yet I deny not the greatness of thy Deity. Though thou hast so far condescended as to be near me in the body, and in thyself bearest my whole nature that thou mayest save the whole man, yet I do not overlook the acknowledged Godhead on account of the visible body. Though for my salvation thou hast put on the garb of flesh, do I not perceive thee clothed with light as with a garment? Though thou bearest kindred flesh and art shown to men in a visible form, is the splendor of thy shining Deity hidden from me? Though I behold thee in my own form, do I forget thy divine invisible and incomprehensible existence? I know thee Lord, distinctly; I know thee, having been taught of thee. I saw thee spiritually before I saw this perceptible light. If, therefore, prior to my birth, I foretold thy coming, should I, after my birth, be ignorant of thy presence? If, then, I taught thy presence, shall I not the infant now being arrived at mature knowledge? I cannot but revere thee, thou who art worshipped by the whole creation. I cannot but proclaim thee whom the heaven shewed by a star—and the earth glorified by the magi—and the rejoicing choirs of angels celebrated from heaven—and the shepherds watching in the field praised as the chief Shepherd of the spiritual flock. When thou art present I cannot be silent—for I am a voice, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord.' I am a man only—a partaker of grace divine—thou art God and man, the wondrous person born full of grace. I have need to be baptized of thee and comest thou unto me? Thou—being in the beginning and being with God—and being God! Thou—the brightness of the Father's glory! Thou—the perfect resemblance of the perfect Father! Thou—the true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world! Thou—that being in the world camest where thou wast! Thou—that being made flesh art not changed into flesh! Thou—that having tabernacled among us hast appeared to thy servants in a servant's form! Thou—that with thy sacred body hast, as with a wonderful bridge, joined heaven and earth! Comest thou to me? One so great unto one so mean! The King to the herald? The Lord to the servant? But if thou art not ashamed in the lowly degrees of humanity, I cannot sustain to pass the measures of my own nature. I know the vast disparity between the earth and its Maker. I know how vast the difference between the clay and the fashioner. I know how much superior thou—the Sun of Righteousness, to me the candle of thy grace. And if thou art invested with the pure cloud of the body still I acknowledge, I confess thy sovereignty—I own my servitude and thy magnificence. I am not worthy to loose the latchet of thy shoe, and how shall I dare to touch thy hallowed head? How stretch forth my right hand upon thee who extendest the heaven as a covering, and establishest the earth upon the waters? How stretch forth my servile fingers upon thy divine head? How shall I wash the spotless and the sinless? How illumine the light? What prayer shall I offer over him that receiveth the prayers of the simple? Others I baptize in thy name that they may believe in thee that comest with glory—of whom shall I make mention when baptizing thee? In whose name baptizest thou? that of the Father? All the Father thou hast in thyself and thou art all in the Father. That of the Son? But besides thee is no other Son in the nature of God. In that of the Holy Spirit? But he is present in thee continually—one existence—one will—one mind—one power—one honor—and with thee receiveth worship from all. Baptize me therefore, Lord, if it please

thee—baptize me the Baptist—renew me whom thou hast caused to exist. Extend thy mighty right hand, which he hath made strong for himself, and crown my head with thy touch, that running crowned as the herald of thy kingdom, I may publish good tidings to sinners, crying out, 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.'

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\* Luke i. 41.—45.

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Suffer now—for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness. I am the Lawgiver and the Son of the Lawgiver, and it becometh me first to pass through all the appointed precepts, and then every where to set forth the doctrines of my grace. It becometh me to fulfill the law, and then to give the grace. It becometh me to remove the shadow, and then to introduce the substance. It becometh me to make the old covenant cease, and in turn declare the new—and to write it in the hearts of men—and to subscribe it with my blood, and seal it with my Spirit. It becometh me on the cross to be lifted up—to be pierced with nails—to suffer all the possibility of suffering, and by the tree to heal the plague occasioned to men by the disobedience in respect of the tree. It becometh me to descend to the bottom of the grave, that I may release the torch of death. It becometh me to kindle the torch of my body for those sitting in darkness, and the shadow of death. It becometh me by three days' dissolution of my flesh, to abolish the power of long prevailing death. It becometh me to ascend in the body where I am in the Godhead. It becometh me to introduce to the Father the Adam in me exalted to the throne. These things I must perform—for these things am I here present. I must be baptized with this baptism now, and afterwards confer the baptism of the co-existent Trinity on all men. For the present occasion, lend me, O Baptist, the right hand. Overwhelm me in the streams of Jordan (*καταβουνα* κα. π. λ.) as she who bare me wrapped in the swaddling bands. Give me baptism as the virgin gave me milk. Take hold of my head which the seraphim revere;—take hold of thy relative with thy right hand;—take hold of the body for this purpose prepared by the Father;—take hold of my head, on which he that lays piously hold of shall never suffer shipwreck. Baptize me who am about to baptize them that believe, with water, and the spirit, and fire; water able to cleanse the filth of sins—spirit able to chase the dust of sin;—fire produced to consume the thorns of iniquities. The Baptist having heard these words, and understood the Saviour's purpose, and acceded to the mystery, obeyed the divine command, for he was godly and obedient, and extending his right hand, meekly trembling, yet rejoicing—he baptized the Lord.

Now the Jews being present, some near and some at a distance, began reasoning in themselves and with others, might say, Do we in vain suppose John to be greater than Jesus? Do we improperly deem that man better than this? Does not this very baptism testify that the Baptist has the pre-eminence? Is not he that baptizes the superior? Is not he that is baptized inferior? While whispering these things, being ignorant of the mystery, the only Lord, and by nature the Father of the Only-begotten—he who alone perfectly knew the glory of the Son—to correct the erring mind of those Jews, opens the gates of heaven, and sends down the Holy Spirit, in the form of a dove, upon the head of Jesus, thus pointing out the new Noah—Noah's Creator—the good Pilot of our shipwrecked nature. And from heaven he loudly called, distinctly saying, 'This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.' This Jesus, not John—this baptized one, not the baptizer, he that was before time, before all measurement of time, not he that lately sprung from the root of Zacharias; he that was born of Mary according to the flesh, not he that was unexpectedly born of Elizabeth;—he that has been conversing among you, not he that has been nourished in the wilderness. This is my Son, the beloved in whom I am well pleased. My Son, co-existent, and not of another nature—co-existent with you according to the visible, yet without sin. This is he, who with me formed man, yet, unchanged, is become man;—he that with me sendeth forth the Holy Spirit, and, again, the recipient of the Spirit which he hath sent. This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. My Son is not one, and the Son of Mary another, but this is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased—*hear ye him*. If he should say, 'I and the Father are one,' *hear him*. If he should say, 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father,' *hear him*. If he should say, 'The Father is greater than I,' apply the saying to the economy in which he hath placed himself. If he should say, 'Whom do men say that I, the Son of man am?' answer him, with

thee—baptize me the Baptist—renew me whom thou hast caused to exist. Extend thy mighty right hand, which he hath made strong for himself, and crown my head with thy touch, that running crowned as the herald of thy kingdom, I may publish good tidings to sinners, crying out, 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.'

O river Jordan! rejoice with me, dance exultingly, and widely move the waves as the steps of him that leapest for joy, for thy Creator is present in the body. Once thou sawest Israel passing through thee, and dividing the waters; thou stoodest awaiting the passage of the people. Now flow abroad widely—move on gently—and fold thyself round the spotless limbs of Him that of old made the Jews pass through. Ye mountains and hills, valleys and brooks, seas and rivers, bless the Lord that hath come to the river Jordan, for through these waters, he sends purification unto all waters.

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to speak again on the same subject, at the same place the ensuing week. This second attempt was accompanied by a second failure, still more painful to witness, and still more grievous to bear. He hastened from the vestry, and on returning to his room, exclaimed, "If this does not humble me, the devil must have me!" Such were the early efforts of him whose humility afterwards became as conspicuous as his talents, and who for nearly half a century, excited universal attention and admiration by the splendor of his pulpit eloquence.—*Greg.*

## CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

HARTFORD, MAY 4, 1833.

The first annual meeting of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, will be held in the Rev. Mr. May's meetinghouse in Mulberry St., New York, on Wednesday, May 8th, at 4 o'clock P. M. The officers will then be chosen; and at 7 o'clock P. M. the Annual Report of the Executive Committee will be read. It is hoped that many friends of the cause will attend.

REVIVALS AT NEW HAMPTON.—It is pleasing to find, by a letter from Rev. George Evans, of New Hampton, the seat of the Baptist Seminary in New Hampshire, written to the editor of the N. E. Baptist Register, that a series of religious revivals have been enjoyed by the church and people in that place for the last four years. In these gracious visitations, the students in the seminary have shared largely; and many, it is hoped, have been turned to the Lord; among whom, brother Evans says, "We hope that many of the youth who have found Christ precious to their souls while pursuing their studies in this place, will be efficient auxiliaries in evangelizing the world. I am happy to state, that several of the young men belonging to this institution have recently indulged hope." There have been added to the church in New Hampton, by baptism fifty-nine, and by letter sixteen, since brother Evans became their pastor. Very cordially do we unite with this devoted laborer in his desire thus expressed, "May hundreds more, who shall resort to this institution, bow at the feet of Christ, and be successful laborers in the vineyard of the Lord."

PAPAL CONTROVERSY.—The following extract is from the first letter of the Roman Catholic priests in New York, to Rev. Mr. Brownlee, a Protestant clergyman of that city. It shows clearly and truly the difference between Popery and Protestantism, and the radical opposition of one to the other. This declaration of theirs should never be forgotten; for it explains the whole reason why the Pope and his minions have in all ages and in all countries, whenever and wherever they have possessed the power, hated, hunted, and persecuted, with sword, flood, and flames, even unto death, all who refused submission to their dogmas and idolatrous usages. It shows also, that as the principles and attachments of the Church of Rome are unchanged and unchangeable, nothing less than a repetition of the same acts of cruelty and torture which have heretofore droned Europe with innocent blood, ought to be expected by Protestants in any country where the Papists can obtain control of the state.

"The Roman Catholic and Protestant religions are not merely differences in opinion; they are opposite, and must always mutually counteract each other. If the Catholics are right, your reformation was not merely a usurpation, but must be stigmatized as a rebellion against the powers established by God himself. If you hold the truth, the chief part of Catholic worship is not only erroneous but idolatrous; an offence against heaven, instead of a reasonable service."

## THE AFRICAN EXHIBITION.

Mr. Lander, the enterprising traveller, arrived at Cape Coast Castle on the 7th of October last, in 72 days from Milford. So far all was prosperous. He had obtained natives of good abilities to accompany him as interpreters and guides up the Niger, and into the interior. The following extract from the New York Daily Advertiser closes the account:

"The iron steamer Albatross is a most useful vessel, remarkably cool and dry, and sails exceedingly well. The expedition had experienced a very bad weather, having been six weeks in the rainy season, with severe lightning, which ran down the sides of the Albatross into the water, the iron acting as a conductor thereof. The ships were to sail from Cape Coast about the middle of October, and would not stop at any place, but proceed direct up the Rio Nunez into the Niger. We are happy to say that Mr. Lander was in excellent health, and sanguine of ultimate success. The next accounts must be highly interesting, and are anxiously looked for."

## CONNECTICUT BAPTIST LITERARY INSTITUTION.

The following is the state of the subscription. Necessary for the establishment, \$10,000. Subscriptions heretofore reported, 9415 37. Additional Subscriptions.

From 1 Colebrook, -	60 15
" Sundry places, -	29 50
" Torrington Baptist Society	10 35
" Hartford, -	10 00
	\$9525 37

The account left in my absence is not so explicit as to enable me to give the particular places from which the above \$29 50 were obtained. It would be desirable to have the names as well as amount subscribed in Colebrook to insert in the General Subscription Book. It is however with great pleasure that I announce the fact that the subscription from that town, and from others visited by Rev. Mr. Babcock, is paid in cash.

As I understand that in some way \$25 of the \$300 thus on hand is elsewhere included, it must be deducted from the amount subscribed leaving still a deficit of \$49 63.

The Institution ought to go into operation the present Spring. The course of instruction might be commenced in some Hall or other public building, while the Seminary should be erected, if the Committee could only know that the requisite sum would be forthcoming.

Are there not some among the numerous readers of this paper who will lend a helping hand in this time of need? Shall we be compelled to relinquish our hold, or rather never get hold of \$9500 37 for the want of \$49 63? Must we have the mortification to return between two and three hundred (already paid) to the donors? The thought cannot for a moment be indulged.

Our friends see the deficiency; "consider of it, take advice and speak your minds."

G. F. DAVIS, Chairman.

P. S. A friend is informed that it is thought best not to publish the names until the whole is subscribed.

MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.—After the remains of this venerable matron have slumbered for more than half a century, (as it is said) in almost unnoticed obscurity, the place of her interment being known to very few, the southern papers now give notice, that there is to be erected over her grave a monument of becoming magnitude and form, to perpetuate for ages, not only the memory of the favored mother, but also the spot in which her mortal remains repose in dust. The corner stone of this monument is to be laid on the 7th of May, by the President of the United States, and invitations are issued for the attendance of a large body of troops. Must the remains of the mother be disturbed by the tramping of troops and roar of guns, because her illustrious son was a warrior?

MURDER AT STATE'S PRISON.—On the night of the 30th of April, one of the convicts in the Penitentiary at Wethersfield, by the name of Scott, alias Teller, effected his release from his cell by boring the door, and by means of a false key made by himself, he released three others from their cells, viz. Johnson, Reynolds, and a negro named Caesar. They then attacked and killed Mr. Hoskins, who was alone walking guard around the cells, and who was somewhat deaf. With a square bar of steel 18 inches long which they had by some unaccountable means conveyed into the prison, the skull of Hoskins was deeply fractured. Scott had matured his plan to escape by the use of his false keys; but in unlocking one of the doors to the next apartment, the key broke in the lock. By the noise of their operations in an attempt to force the door, a young lady, assistant in the care of the female department, was awakened, and with a most commendable resolution, she found means to escape from her chamber window to the roof of a shed, and thence on to the wall of the prison yard, on which she ran quite round to the other extremity of the building, and gave the first alarm to the [sleeping] guard. We do not learn that any resistance was offered to the guard when called to confine the culprits.

We have received a tract of eight pages, No. 56, made up of interesting "Extracts from the Correspondence of the American Bible Society." Had we room, we would gladly lay the whole before our readers, but must of necessity confine ourselves to the following extracts:

"DUTIES FOR NEXT YEAR.—It is a question frequently put to the officers and managers near the close of the year, 'What are to be the plans of the Society for the coming year?' The answer to this question now is, 'To prosecute, with all possible vigor, the work of supplying our own country with the Bible, and to aid extensively the work of foreign distribution.'"

Mr. James, the writer of the following letter, is the author of "The Church Member's Guide," and a Baptist minister of eminence in England.

"Edinburgh, Birmingham, Dec. 1, 1832. My Dear Sir—I take an early opportunity to acknowledge, I do with much pleasure and gratitude, the receipt of your letter, communicating to me the information that I am constituted a member for life of the American Bible Society. Under any circumstances, I should have valued it as an honor to have my name enrolled among the friends and supporters of that noble institution; but the means by which this distinction has been conferred upon me, greatly enhances its worth. To those kind and unknown friends in New London, for such I am as much authorized as inclined to call them, who have paid me this flattering compliment, you will be kind enough to return my best thanks, and to assure them that it will ever prove a very agreeable recollection to associate with the humble productions of my pen, that they have procured for me this token of respect from some of the followers of Christ in your increasingly interesting and important country. When I entered on the composition of those unpretending volumes, such a thought never even dantly approached the horizon of my mind, as that any mental production of mine would ever find its way to a land so rich in theological literature, both native and imported, as yours, the land of Edwards, of Bellamy, of Dwight, of Stuart, and many others. If however, my mite, cast thus unexpectedly into the treasury of the Lord on the other side of the Atlantic, should enrich but one immortal soul for eternity, while God will have the glory, an ample reward will thus be bestowed not only on the author, but also on those who made him known among the Christians of your state.

The intelligence conveyed by your letter, and which was but a confirmation of what I had previously heard of the progress of your national Bible Society, is truly gratifying. "Thanks be unto God, who always causeth you to triumph, and maketh known the savor of the knowledge by you in every place" throughout your vast territory. What an illustrious era in the history of the church was that, when God put into the hearts of the friends of the Bible to unite for the purpose of its universal circulation; surely next in importance to the epoch of the Reformation. The simple plan and sublime purpose of this institution, for one of the brightest and most beneficent suggestions that ever emanated from the benevolent ingenuity of man; and may I not add, from the wisdom and goodness of God? Perhaps the millions of copies of the Holy Scriptures which it has already put into circulation, must be viewed as the smallest of its benefits conferred upon the world; it is its grand and noble principle, that it is the duty of all that love the Bible to unite their energies for its universal circulation, that is to be regarded with greatest complacency and gratitude by all its supporters and advocates. The principle is so wise, so beneficent, so beautiful, and so much in harmony with the letter and spirit of the book it distributes, as to ensure, by the blessing of God, its own permanence and success. It is one of those ideas that are immortal. The church of Christ will never let it die: all Christian lands, and all generations of believers, will practically adopt it, and be impelled by its influence towards the period of millennial glory. It is no matter of wonder that such an engine for the destruction of Satan's kingdom excited the alarm and the enmity of this great adversary of God and man; and that in consequence of an accurate knowledge of its vast capabilities, he stirred up much opposition to it at first by open and avowed foes, he should since endeavor to accomplish the same object by the misdirected piety of its friends. God be praised, he has been defeated in both schemes of his policy; and you will join me in these devout and grateful aspirations when I inform you that the Bible Society in this country is coming out of the troubled waters of controversy; and the purer for having undergone this new baptism of suffering, is pursuing its course more dependent I trust on the grace of God, more confident in the attachment of its friends, and less apprehensive from the opposition of foes, if indeed foes they may be called.

TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY.—Sixty-nine young gentlemen received their degrees at the annual commencement of the Medical Department of this University, on the 16th of March.

In the town of Lyme, Conn., nineteen out of twenty stores have ceased from dealing in spirits.

## FAMILY MAGAZINE.

We have received the first and second numbers of this work, which is a weekly paper in quarto form, each number containing eight pages on a half sheet of imperial size. It is issued at 222 William street, New York, neatly executed, and is devoted to the promotion of general knowledge upon a systematic plan, "avoiding political and other controversy," and is designed to be a reading book for the use of schools as well as families. The work is embellished with cuts well calculated to illustrate subjects of which it treats. Should succeeding numbers fully sustain the specimen afforded in those before us, it may fairly be recommended to the patronage of families and schools as a cheap source of knowledge, embracing a wide range of useful and practical subjects. Price \$1 50 in advance, or four numbers for \$5—ten numbers for \$10. We shall give extracts hereafter.

On Wednesday May 1st, at nine o'clock, A. M. the Senate and House of Representatives of this State convened in their respective chambers. The Senate was organized by choosing the Hon. Charles Hawley, President pro tem, and Samuel Huntington, Esq. Clerk. The House of Representatives was called to order by C. Billings, Esq. of New London, and proceeded to the choice of Officers. Samuel Ingham, Esq. of Saybrook, was elected Speaker on the first ballot, and by a large majority. Stephen Mix, Esq. of New Haven, and Loren P. Waldo, Esq. of Tolland, were chosen Clerks. In the afternoon a resolution was introduced requesting the Speaker to call on the clergymen of the several denominations in the city, to pray with the House in succession. This resolution was opposed by Mr. Haley, of Groton. The gentleman assigned several reasons in favor of his resolution, among which the following seemed most prominent: that the House had not, in his opinion, a constitutional right either to appropriate money to pay a chaplain for praying, or to spend their time to hear him. The resolution was advocated by Messrs. Shaler, Clark, Foot, Lannan, Judson, and others, and passed. There being no choice by the people of Governor or Lieutenant Governor, the two branches proceeded on Thursday morning to fill these vacancies. The Hon. Henry W. Edwards was elected Governor, by a vote of 147 to 80. The Hon. Ebenezer Suddard, was elected Lieutenant Governor, 150 to 66. The Hon. Mr. Edwards accepted the office, and was escorted into the city with the usual honors on Friday afternoon.

FIRE.—A fire in which eight dwellings and three carpenter's shops were consumed, took place in New York on Saturday last, in the afternoon. The loss of property was very considerable.

NOTICE.—Our subscribers in New London who have not paid, are requested to make payment to the Rev. Chester Tilden at heretofore; and subscribers in Waterford and vicinity, will please pay to Deacon Gilbert Rogers, who kindly offers to receive and forward any dues for the paper committed to his care. No additional charge will be made to those who pay for the current year by the time of the Convention meeting at Lebanon in June next.

## General Intelligence.

Office of the Mercury, Newport, Monday, April 29, 1833. LATE FROM MATANZAS.

The ship Boy, Capt. Pitman, arrived here yesterday in 13 days from Matanzas. (Capt. P. informs, that the Cholera was raging there to a frightful extent; the deaths were said to be upwards of 100 daily, but such was the state of alarm, that no accurate information could be obtained. All business was suspended, and the communication with the country was entirely cut off.)

We have received from an esteemed friend, residing at Matanzas for the benefit of his health, the following letter, which contains some correct and interesting information as to the Cholera, &c. dated at Matanzas, April 12, 1833.

"The Cholera is raging here with much fury; it is impossible to form any correct opinion of its ravages, although I have endeavored to do so.—I even question whether the Government itself has returns of the interments; of the number of cases I know it has not, for I heard one of the most eminent physicians say to-day, he had not had time to report for a week. Business is almost paralyzed, and all who could leave the city have done so; there are some cases in the country, some plantations having suffered severely. Two cargoes of slaves, (over 1000) arrived a few days since, one of them landed her cargo south of this, (Matanzas) on the other side, all of whom died, although landed in perfect health; and the other, a few leagues to leeward of this, the most of whom are dead and the residue dying."

I received a letter to-day from Havana, dated the 11th inst., which states, that the number of deaths by Cholera the day before, was only 15—but adds, that it had broken out on the estates to the seaward, and unless soon checked, must run the planters."

From the New York Daily Advertiser.

## DESTRUCTIVE FIRE. FOUR FLOCKS OF BUILDINGS DESTROYED, FORTY HORSES BURNED TO DEATH.

We have the painful duty to record one of the most desolating conflagrations, with which our city has ever been afflicted. The fire commenced about 11 o'clock, last night, in the extensive stables of Messrs. Kipp & Brown at the corner of Hudson and Bank streets, and before assistance could be rendered, upwards of forty horses perished in the flames. The block bounded by Hudson, Bank, Greenwich and Hammond streets, was burnt to the ground in twenty minutes from its breaking out; it speedily communicated to the adjoining block, taking a westerly direction, which very soon after, shared the same fate. About this time the wind which had been high during the day, now freshened into a gale—the flames soon crossed to the westerly side of Hammond street, and shortly after the entire row fronting on Perry street and extending all the way to Washington street, comprising altogether four squares, was in a blaze.

Language can scarcely describe the scene of confusion and consternation at the moment—hundreds of families who had removed their furniture to places supposed by them to be secure, were now seen flying in every direction before the fury of the all absorbing element;—in many instances furniture after being removed was destroyed by the fire.

Through the dense cloud of smoke and burning cinders, children half naked were to be seen running to and fro crying for their parents, and parents in despair shrieking the names of their children.

The loss in all is said to be over Two Hundred Thousand Dollars and not a sixth part insured. The loss of the insurance of course is comparatively light.—Whether the fire was the act of a female incendiary who had taken umbrage at the treatment her husband received, is purely conjecture. Some allege that it was caused by the shameful and dangerous practice of burning straw in the streets, from beds emptied previous to removal on May day.

Expedition in Search of Capt. Ross.—Captain Back, of the English Navy, arrived at New York, a few days since, with a small party, intending to proceed through the Continent to the Arctic Sea, in search of Capt. Ross. Perhaps it may not be generally known to our readers that Capt. Ross sailed from England in 1829, in search of the North-West passage, in the Victory, a steam vessel. In crossing the Atlantic, the Victory was dismasted by a storm, but the damage being repaired from the wreck of a whaler, she wintered on the West coast of Greenland, and by the last accounts, was seen, in the summer of 1830, standing across Baffin's Bay. Since then she has not been heard from, although Capt. Ross fixed upon last autumn as the period at which he should return home. It is much to be feared that this adventurous officer and his crew have perished, but it is possible that they may still survive, although the ship may have been destroyed. They were provided with boats peculiarly adapted to the navigation of those seas, and with an abundance of provisions and stores, and his crew were all skilful and experienced men. That life may be preserved for a long time in these dreary regions, is proved among others, by an interesting narrative, which our readers may have seen, of four Russian seamen, who, with only twelve charges of ammunition, maintained themselves for six years and three months, on the Island of Spitzbergen.

In order to learn tidings of his fate, £3000 have been raised by private subscription in England, to which £2000 have been added by the Government. It is Capt. Back's intention, after receiving additions to his party in Canada, and from the Hudson's Bay people, to proceed to the Slave Lake, and then to penetrate to the Arctic Sea, by the shortest and most practicable route. Should he learn no tidings of Capt. Ross in his journey, he will launch his boats upon the Arctic Sea, and steer to Prince Regent's Inlet, the spot where the Fury was lost in Capt. Parry's last expedition. Capt. P. directed all the provisions and stores saved from this vessel, to be carefully saved and protected, in case another voyage should be made. This was known to Capt. Ross, and it was his intention to proceed to this spot and supply himself with the necessaries which had been preserved. Should he not succeed in the main object of his enterprise, an important accession is expected to be made, to the stock of scientific knowledge and geographical information, for which ample means are provided, and for which Capt. Back and his associate Mr. King, are well qualified. It is his intention to return to New-York in about three years.

The prayers of all good men will go with Capt. Back, in his benevolent and noble enterprise. Should he find his friend, the rupture of the meeting between them, may be more easily imagined than described. To save the life of a single fellow-creature will be a sufficient recompense to him for all the toils and privations which he must endure. Such an expedition as this, does honor to the English nation and to the age. Such benevolent disinterestedness could never have been shown among other than a Christian people. There is a calm and unobtrusive heroism and self-sacrifice about the enterprise, which reminds us of the most noble efforts of philanthropy in the past history of the world. May the blessing of God go with him, and crown his efforts with success.—*Chr. Register.*

## AFFECTING OCCURRENCE.

A few days ago, two colored men gave information to some members of the Anti-Slavery Society, that a negro slave from one of the southern States was on board a schooner in the harbor, that he was very desirous of escaping, and that he was watched for fear of his running away. The name of the vessel, as afterwards ascertained, was the Vienna, her master, Lorenzo Dow Morgan, and the slave's, Burton Spicer. She is said to be bound to New-York. A writ of *habeas corpus* was on the petition of one of the members of the Society, immediately obtained from the Supreme Court, and served upon the Captain; and Spicer was shortly after brought up to the Supreme Court Room. Before the Judges would take cognizance of the case, it became necessary to show that Spicer was detained against his will. He was accordingly interrogated upon the subject by the counsel, and informed that he was free in Massachusetts, and that no doubt the Court would so pronounce him, if the case were permitted to proceed. The poor fellow seemed very much agitated, and his whole frame trembled. He said he should like to be free in his own country, where his relations were. He was urged to make his election, and say whether he wished to be free and remain here, as he would be compelled to do, or to return to his relations as a slave. He concluded, after a strong and visible conflict between his feelings, to go back—and accordingly returned to the vessel. We are informed, and have no doubt, of the fact, that the Captain had threatened to put him in irons, if he attempted to escape. The feelings of the slave did him honor. He was not insensible to the charms of liberty, but he was unwilling to desert his relations, even to obtain a blessing which he so ardently desired.

The case leads us to mention a principle of law which is not so generally known among us as it ought to be, viz.—that a slave, coming from one of the slave States, by the consent of his master, into a free State, becomes free. The only case in which the authorities of a free State is bound to deliver up a slave to his owner, is the one provided for by the Constitution of the United States, where the slave has run away from his master. In every other case, every person in the free States, is FREE!—*Liberator.*

Panther turned Shopkeeper.—The last week in the Bowery, closed with an adventure which threw the street into a panic, and will serve a turn for a paragraph. Owing to the negligence of the keeper, or to some other cause—no matter what—a large Panther, belonging among other unamiable creatures to the Menagerie in the Bowery, escaped from his cage and sprang into the street—no person in the passage way feeling disposed at the moment, either to obstruct his progress, or to seize him by the tail.

Being thus freed from the bolts and bars, the panther felt disposed to make the best use of his liberties. The people screamed and scattered in all directions, so that he had the sidewalk to himself, and he bounded up the street in a swift and interesting manner. But although he drove every thing from his path, scattering the people before him as a wolf would a flock of sheep, yet he did not find travelling so pleasant on the pavement, as the paths he had been accustomed to tread in the forest. His talons could not ensure secure footing upon the smooth stones, and after nearly slipping up a few couples of times, he suddenly changed his mind, and resolved to turn shop-keeper.

No sooner thought than done—he sprang into the best shop he could find, and had only to show his ivory fangs once, and cast a single glance of his burning eye-balls, before clerks and customers alike obeyed the indications of his expressive countenance, and scampered away. Being thus left to himself he looked out for a snug place of repose. His tail dropped, the fire of his eyes went out; the bristling hair upon his arched back was smoothed down; and he curled himself up upon a bundle of flannel under the counter, and went to sleep, purring as gently as a pussy cat.

He had a short, but comfortable nap, for nobody was in a hurry to break in upon his dreams. By and by, however, the keeper discovered the place of his retreat, and succeeded in caging him again.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

From the N. Y. Jour. of Commerce.

Wool.—The following statistical accounts are curious and interesting:—England and Wales feed 36,000,000 of sheep, each of which yields a fleece of four pounds weight, or 141,000,000 lbs., which at one shilling per pound, is worth £7,400,000. These manufactures produce £20,000,000, leaving a profit of £12,000,000 per annum to the various manufacturers.

Cholera in Ireland.—This dreaded disease is adding another item to the frightful catalogue of Irish miseries. Agitated by demagogues—assailed, plundered and kept in constant terror by the Whiteboy marauders—impoverished by absentee landlords—borne down by poverty in all its forms of destitution and threatened by the government with military law in place of the ordinary tribunals of civil justice, the miserable people of Ireland are now suffering under the awful scourge of this pestilence. The details are appalling. "Never, says a letter from Limerick, of the 15th of March, was there any thing like the state of the surrounding country. The Cholera has spread all around. The Rev. Mr. Noonan, Curate of Knockany, was here to-day to purchase coffins, there not being hands enough in that place to make them. At Hospital, to-day, the parish priest and twelve of his flock are dead of cholera. Forty persons were attacked last night with the pestilence, out of which the above number fell in a very few hours to its malignant fury. Poor Doctor O'Connell said yesterday, and appeared to enjoy excellent health. The manner of his death (being taken off in three or four hours) has created a general feeling of regret and consternation through the surrounding country. Kilmallock, too, is nearly as bad. Bruree is totally deserted; Padamore attacked at all points; the Rev. Mr. McCarthy the parish priest, and his coadjutor, have been called out of bed to attend the sick and dying, eleven nights in succession. In short, the panic through the country far exceeds any thing within the memory of man."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Slavery in the French Colonies.—The Jamaica Court of the 4th of January, gives some extracts of a letter from Mr. McQueen, dated at Barbadoes, the 12th of December. Mr. McQueen had been in the French Colonies, Martinique and Guadeloupe, from whence a deputation of the planters had proceeded, a twelve-month before, to the French Government, on the subject of negro emancipation. One of the deputation who had returned to Guadeloupe, on account of bad health, gave Mr. McQueen the following account:—When the deputies reached Paris and the Government, they were distinctly informed that their journey was fruitless, that the Government considered these colonies lost and of no use, and that they had made up their minds to immediate emancipation, which if the West Indians objected to, they might take the consequence, as the utmost they would be brought to do would be to continue their garrisons and authorities for five years, after which they would be set to their fate. The French Government, moreover, told them in these matters they acted in strict accordance with the British Government.

Important Decision.—Vice Chancellor McCoun yesterday morning gave his decision in the case of William Scott and others, stockholders of the late National Insurance Company, vs. Frederick Denevater and others, President and Directors of the same. The suit was brought to recover one hundred and seventy-nine thousand dollars which had been fraudulently abstracted from the funds of the Company by Oliver G. Kane, Secretary. The general charges in the Bill were, that the funds of the Company had been illegally invested, and that there had been gross negligence to the affairs of the Company on the part of the Defendants, in consequence of which all these losses had occurred. The judgment of the Court was, that on none of the Charges were the Defendants to be made liable. The Bill was therefore dismissed with costs.—*Jour. of Commerce.*

The following remarks very complimentary to American skill, are from a pamphlet recently published on the condition of the English cotton manufactures, by Mr. Kirkman Finlay of Glasgow. "Mr. F." an English writer says, "stands high among his contemporaries as a gentleman of superior intellect and great commercial knowledge."

By statements lately received from the United States, of most respectable authority, I find that wages paid there to workers in cotton spinning and weaving factories are rather under what are paid in Glasgow, which is from the duty on cotton in this country, and the difference in charges of laying it down at the works they have the raw material at 15 to 20 per cent. lower than we have it. The value of cotton manufactures exported from the United States in 1832, amounted to \$1,126,313, and these manufacturers have not only been meeting ours with a powerful competition in all the South American markets, but even in our own colonies; considerable imports of them having lately made their appearance in America, where they have been sold, notwithstanding the additional duty they have to pay, at prices which would remunerate the British manufacturer. I have not yet any return of their exports for last year, but I am sure the increase that was making in their machinery, there can be but little doubt that it will be considerably greater than in 1831. In 1831, the machine makers had orders for more machinery than they could turn out for twelve months; and in the small town of Patterson alone, between the months of July and November, no less than five new factories were begun to be erected.

Their machinery is of the best description; and it is well known, that the most important improvements which have lately been made in cotton spinning machinery, are of American invention, for which patent have been obtained in this country. No better proof of their excellence need be given, than that some of our principal manufacturers have been putting out large quantities of very valuable machinery, which had only been in operation for a very few years, and replacing them with these American machines.

A Discovery.—The skeleton of a child appearing to have been three or four years old, was found under the cellar floor of the house on Chestnut street Philadelphia, lately purchased by Mrs. Yarn, for a school. The planks of the floor immediately over the spot where the remains were discovered, had been cut, and carefully replaced. The earth had been dug to the depth of about eighteen inches, for the grave.

As is most natural, in such a case, a considerable sensation has been produced, and the public desirous to ascertain whether this was the act of one who could not bear to be separated from even the remains of a child, or that of a ruffian who had taken life violently, and resorted to this mode to hide his victim, and save himself from the operations of the laws. It is said the remains were wrapped in a cotton frock and silk handkerchief; and bore the appearance of having lain in the earth for several years.

We learn by the advices from the Cape de Verde, that the heavy drought there had been succeeded by very heavy rains, by which the crops had been again destroyed. The islanders are stated to be in a most miserable condition.

## MARRIED.

In this city, on Monday last, by L. Rev. L. May Brownell, Mr. Asa Goodenough, of Montreal, to Mrs. Hepzibah Curtis, of this place.

At Wethersfield, by Rev. Dr. Tenney, Ebenezer Goodale, Esq. to Mrs. Levin Rich.

At Collinsville, by Rev. Mr. Brinsmade, Frederick Andrus, Esq. of Farmington, to Mr. Sally Fuller, of Canton.

At Wintonbury, Mr. Lucius Brown to Miss Abigail Barber.

## DIED.

In this city, Mrs. Mary H. Fielding, wife of Mr. Azariah S. Fielding, aged 45.

In this city, Daniel, only son of Daniel Burgess, Esq. aged 16 months.

At Wethersfield, on the 14th ult. Mrs. Huldah Francis, wife of Capt. John Francis, aged 68.

At Suffield, Mr. Oliver R. Phelps, aged 19.

At Lyme, March 31, Andrew J., son of Mr. Erasmus Stark, aged 8 years.



## POETRY.

From the Christian Index.  
THE CROSS.  
BY MRS. H. M. DODGE.

Go to the cross. Perchance thy spirit mourns  
In desolate loneliness, and sin and death  
Perchance are holding bitter revelry  
Around thy heart's deep breaking! it may be  
Thine agony is voiceless, and a cloud  
As from the bottomless pit, and depths of woe,  
Is resting o'er thee, awfully portentous  
To thy imaginings, and full of fierce  
And restless lightnings! 'Tis the tempter's hate;  
The spirit's clings to the bitter reign  
Of dark rebellion, misery, and death;  
It is the power of sin, depravity,  
With all the gloomy, sluggish streams that burst  
From these dark fountains—still, why faintest thou?  
Behold the cross. There lay thy burden off  
Forever and forever. Joyfully  
The pilgrim's voice is heard in songs of praise,  
And streams of light and glory from the skies  
Mark out his path to that immortal land  
Where sin can never enter.

Oh the cross,  
The holy blessed cross, the precious dawn  
Of peace and hope, the morning of the soul  
Bound in the darkness of the grave, the sun  
Which gives eternity its holiest light,  
And bathes the fields of paradise with new  
And rich streams of love, the blessed song,  
The new and nameless song, which the redeemed  
Are taught to utter forth with angels' harps,  
In numbers deathless as the throne of God.

Aye, if thy spirit grapples with the hate  
And bitterness of earth, if thou art doomed  
To gloomy penury, and want, and woe,  
Go to the cross; a healing touch is there,  
A balm for every wound.  
If thou art high  
And mighty in the earth, if power and fame  
Have braided thee a crown of sunlight, flee,  
As for thy life, to Calvary! The cross  
Alone can shield thee from the crumbling height,  
Which totters o'er thee: fearful is the path  
Of human greatness, for it leads to death!  
If thou art dying—if thy spirit takes  
Its lonely march beyond the shores of time;  
Oh grasp the cross, 'twill carry thee along,  
As the old spreading sails do waft the ship  
Into its happy harbor. Grasp the cross—  
'Twill bear thee upward to the throne of God,  
And fill thy soul with that eternal song,  
Of glory, honor in the bleeding Lamb,  
Through ages infinite.

## HYMN FOR THE TRACT DISTRIBUTORS.

Laborers of Christ—arise!  
And gird you for the toil;  
The dew of promise from the skies  
Already cheers the soil.  
Go where the sick recline,  
Where mourning hearts deplore,  
And where the sons of penury pine,  
Dispense your hallow'd lore.  
Urged with a tender zeal  
The erring child along  
Where peaceful congregations kneel,  
And pious teachers throng.  
Be Faith, that looks above  
With prayer—your constant guest,  
And pray the Saviour's changeless love  
A mantle round your breast.  
So shall you share the wealth  
That earth may ne'er depose,  
And the blest Gospel's saving health  
Repay your arduous toil. L. H. S.

## IT HAPPENED.

A Dialogue between a Western Hunter and an Alchemist.

Mr. Pioneer.—In one of my rounds, not long since, the following dialogue occurred, and I hasten to send it to you. One of the persons engaged in the following conversation, appeared to be an awkward, long-sighted youth, equipped for hunting—and wearing a countenance of listless vacuity; although I sometimes fancied I saw an arch expression in his eye, as his face happened to turn towards the place where I lay. The other seemed to be one who piqued himself on his reasoning powers.

Reasoner. It's the "Free Enquirer."  
Hunter. The what? I tell you what, mister, you needn't think to throw your flings out that way at a fellow. I asked you a civil question, and you needn't think to nickname a body the free inquirer for it.—We are used to making free in our country.

Rea. You are mistaken in my meaning. It was this paper I called the Free Inquirer, not you.

Hun. How? that thing?—What d'ye call it? a paper and a free inquirer too! Now if that ain't funny, I don't know.

Rea. It is a paper, a newspaper, called the Free Enquirer.

Hun. More yet! Paper, Newspaper, and Free Enquirer. Have you any more names for it?

Rea. I see you do not understand me, and I must explain. This thin white sheet is called paper—feel it. These black marks are letters printed on it, and we read the words that they make when they are put together.

Hun. Read! O I mind now; mammy used to tell us, that in the settlements, people went to school and learnt to read; and she said how dandy and he couldn't read, that was the reason they didn't take any books with 'em when they moved out on the range. But I never heard about newspapers and free enquirers.

Rea. This is a book, (showing one). See, it is made of paper like this; and then it is folded up in a bound between pasteboards, and covered with leather so as to keep it safe.

Hun. Well now, stranger, since I find you didn't mean to make fun of a body, I hope you

won't take any pride in what I said; and I'd like to know more about that paper, as you call it. What's it for?

Rea. It's a newspaper published in New-York to expose the superstitious notions about religion.

Hun. How does it do that?

Rea. Why, it comes right out, and says that all religion is nonsense, and religious people are all fools or hypocrites.

Hun. I don't understand that somehow.—There was John Davis that used to be a roarer to fight, and get drunk, and swear, and play cards; and he went away off to camp-meeting and got religion; and ever since that he's the civillest, best behaved, soberest, honestest f fellow all about. And he's no fool, neither, I can tell you. I reckon, if you were to hear him talk, you'd think so.

Rea. Psha! it's all delusion—all a pack of nonsense, I tell you.

Hun. Well, now I'd like for you to tell me what made him leave off his old capers all of a sudden.

Rea. The fellow got frightened by their screaming and shouting.

Hun. I don't think so. He's not so easily frightened, though he won't fight now; but I seed him one day in a fix that I reckon you would not like to be in. Every body else seemed scared but him, and he wasn't no more afraid than you are now.

Rea. Ah yes, I know they have courage enough about common things; but they are afraid of the devil and hell and all that.

Hun. Why, stranger! see here now, an't you afraid of the devil?

Rea. I?—nonsense—there is no devil.

Hun. Hay? no devil! how do you know?

Rea. Know? Did you ever see the devil?

Hun. No. But I never seed every thing.

Rea. Did you ever see any body that had seen him?

Hun. No. But John Davis says there's a devil.

Rea. John Davis is a fool, and all this nonsense is a pack of lies.

Hun. Halloo, stranger, you'd better not call John Davis a fool—I tell you he ain't no fool. But he's a clever fellow, any how, and I won't hear him abused behind his back.

Rea. I didn't mean to abuse him; you must not mind such expressions; I only want to convince you of the folly of religion.

Hun. Well then, you may go on. I begin to feel curious to know how you found out it was a pack of lies.

Rea. If you read the Free Enquirer you'd see.

Hun. Does that say so? How does that know?

Rea. Why, Mr. Owen and Miss Wright and Mr. Jennings carry on that paper, and they go on to prove there is no God; and so religion can't be true, because it pretends to be minding the word of God.

Hun. No God! No hell! No devil! Hurra! May be if I wont have a frolic. Why, then a body can get drunk, swear and fight, and if he should kill a fellow, it would be no great matter. But stop. How do you know? I don't like to be cheated.

Rea. Why, they say it's just a superstitious notion the people have. Nobody ever saw God; and people can't be expected to believe contrary to the evidence of their senses.

Hun. No, to be sure. But then John Davis says how that God made the world. If there aint no God, who did make the world?

Rea. Make the world indeed. How do you suppose he'd go about to make the world?

Hun. I don't know nothing about it. I asked you to tell me how the world come, if God did make it.

Rea. Come? it didn't come;—it always was.

Hun. How do you know that?

Rea. Why, Reason teaches us so. If there wasn't something always, how could any thing ever happen to be?

Hun. That's what I don't know. And I'll tell you another thing I don't know. If this world always was without any maker, did it make itself?

Rea. Make itself? ha, ha, that's a good one! Why, don't you know that the earth is dead matter? It couldn't make itself nor any thing else.

Hun. Well, so I should judge; and if it couldn't make any thing because it aint alive, I wonder how it could change so. The water runs, trees grow, leaves fall and put out again, fire burns up a heap of truck, creatures and birds and fishes and mankind too, lives and dies, and nobody makes 'em. I can't understand that. They didn't always be, I know.

Rea. That's only the fortuitous concurrence of circumstances.

Hun. The what?

Rea. Why, its—its—it just happens so.

Hun. It's a queer sort of fixen, any how.—I wonder if such things as this here rife ever just happened so, without being made. Where did you say that ere free enquirer come from?

Rea. From New-York.

Hun. Who did you say made it?

Rea. I didn't say who made it. Mr. Owen and Miss Wright and Mr. Jennings write the pieces in it.

Hun. How! it is printed and wrote too?—You're a droll fellow.

Rea. I must explain to you. The lady and gentleman I spoke of, write the pieces, and then get the printers to print them.

Hun. What is printing? How is it done?

Rea. They have the letters cut on little pieces of lead, (made hard somehow), these they call types; and they pick them up, letter by letter, and put them in order so as to make words, and so on till they get all these letters set up to make one side; then they put them up in particular order on a flat stone that is fixed in a printing press; then they black the types, and lay the paper on, and press down a flat board on them, and so they make it look like this side. Then they put up the same types in a different order to make different words, and go through the same work to print the other side.

Hun. What do you call a letter? Let me see.

Rea. These are large letters at the top.—Those small things are all letters.

Hun. What, that little tiny thing a letter?

Rea. Yes.

Hun. And do they pick 'em up one by one and fix 'em so as to make the whole paper?

Rea. Yes.

Hun. Now, mister, I want to ask you a few questions. Did you ever see New York?

Rea. No, I am a western man.

Hun. Did you ever see that woman and them men you talk about?

Rea. Who? Miss Wright and Mr. Owen and Mr. Jennings?

Hun. Did you see the folks make that paper and print it?

Rea. No, I tell you.

Hun. How do you know that they did it, then?

Rea. Can't I read?—it says so.

Hun. May be it lies. How do you know it isn't lie?

Rea. How do I know it don't lie? I know it don't. Do you think I'm a fool?

Hun. If you aint, you can tell me what I ask you. It's a plain question. How do you know there is such a place as New-York?

Rea. Why, the fellow's crazy. How do I know there are such people as Mr. Owen and Miss Wright and Mr. Jennings, when I have heard so much about them, and read their writings every week. Can't I believe my eye?

Hun. Yes, but that's the thing I want to know. How can you prove that they did write them things? To come right out, how can you prove that the paper was printed?

Rea. Why, I know it was; it couldn't make itself.

Hun. Yes, I know that; but then couldn't it grow so?

Rea. A newspaper grow! What nonsense! I read about printing, and this is what they make by printing.

Hun. As far as I can see, you don't know but it grew. But couldn't it happen so?

Rea. Happen? No. What an absurd idea! It was made.

Hun. I don't see but it might happen without being made, as easy as all this world, any how.

Here the dialogue ceased, and I came away.

AN OLD SCOT.

LATER FROM CHINA.—On last Sabbath, no less than four American ships arrived in the port of New-York from Canton. Such a coincidence never occurred before. It shows the increase of our commerce with that distant mart. We have the Chinese Repository for November, from which we gather the following particulars.

Mr. Stevens had preached four Sabbaths at Whampoa, to numerous and attentive audiences. The masters of different ships have very obligingly prepared their decks for these services, and offered their boats to carry the chaplain and from Canton.

On the 2nd of Dec. the Bethel Flag was hoisted for the first time on board the ship Morrison, and the Rev. Dr. Morrison, the father of the Chinese Mission, preached. How little did worldly men anticipate, when they first recognised the despised missionary, plodding and toiling for years to acquire this difficult language, that so soon, he would be permitted in the very port of Canton to preach the gospel on board of a first rate ship bearing his own name, and her figure head and taffail ornamented with his own likeness.

Whampoa is the anchorage for all foreign vessels trading to Canton, about 14 miles east from the city, and I contained at the date, Dec. 1, about 50 sail, and 3000 seamen, a fine congregation for brother Stevens.

At Lintin there were 15 or 20 ships, the U. S. ship Peacock, Capt. Geisinger, among them.

The weather was unusually dry and warm at Canton.

Intercourse with China.—The Chinese policy was not always anti-social and repulsive. The greatest evil of the present restrictive system is not its hindrance to commerce, but its obstructing the traffic in intellectual and moral commodities. The obvious policy of the authorities is to keep things as they are. To those who have all that heart can wish for, or whose standing must inevitably become worse if the world grows better, there is but one work left, viz. to perpetuate possession. They therefore resist innovation, and dread change. They dream, now and then, that a cake of barley bread tumbles into the encampment and overthrows the hosts of Midian, and they are filled with alarm.

Providence has divided the products of the earth to different climes, that it might unite their possessors in mutual dependence and beneficence. Our governments lavish their money and their diplomacy, to obtain commercial favors of every petty principality. Why should they not interfere, in a mild and effectual way, to procure free access to the greatest nation under heaven?

The government of China is weak. It is in the hands of obnoxious foreigners, rebellions are frequent, its coast is unprotected, her arrogant claims are but a cover to her convictions of weakness, and it is probable those claims might be yielded when that weakness is exposed.

The last way to bring them to terms is to learn of themselves, to "cut off their supplies," not to invade the country and shed blood, but in a milder way to make a manifestation of power, and a secure reasonable concessions, and thus liberate China, as well as open the way for the word of God.—N. Y. Evangelist.

SOMETHING FOR CARELESS PROFESSIONS.

Multitudes of professors of religion will wake up in hell.

The rich man in hell who lifted up his eyes being in torment, was a professor of religion in his day, and even in that dismal abode, claimed Abraham as his father; and in the parable of the ten virgins, and Matt. vii. 21, 22, those who cried "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name," &c. &c.; as well as many other passages in the discourses of Christ, seem to give the most solemn prominence to this awful truth. But solemn as this truth appears on the sacred page, it seems far more so to a serious observer. What multitudes are hastening on to eternity, indulging the fond hope of being Christ's, while their lives give no scriptural evidence of their being his! How many look back to former years for an old experience of what they call conversion, as the only ground of their hope, and cling to it like the drowning miser to his bag of gold, though it drag him down swiftly to the fathomless abyss! No self-denial is practiced, no cross taken up, no marked distinction between them and the moralist who pays no regard to the command of Christ. In full communion and fellowship with worldly men, while this truth of God is blazing on their eyes, "if any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him," and "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

Oh then, backslidden Christian! thou formal worldly professor! wake up—wake up from thy fatal slumber before the fires of perdition kindle around thee, and thy glimmering taper of hope be quenched in eternal darkness.—Religious Intelligencer.

In the town of —, in the State of —, Deacon — though he professed to be a good man, and had covenanted to do good and good only as he had opportunity to do all men, nevertheless, for the sake of money, continued to sell

to drunkards, and all others who would buy, the drunkard's drink, ardent spirits. On a certain day a ragged filthy drunkard came in, with some silver money, to exchange it for the deacon's worse than useless, his delusive, destructive poison. The deacon raised up one end of the cask and drew for him the liquor, which, as the cask was low, was longer than usual in running. At last the vessel was full. It was emptied into the drunkard's bottle, and the bright silver money received in return. The deacon looked at it with much apparent complacency, thinking no doubt that he had made a good bargain, when the drunkard spoke up, and said, "Deacon, what do you suppose I have been thinking about, while you have been drawing this rum?" "I do not know," said the deacon, "what have you?" "I have been thinking," said he, "that the devil stood behind you while you were holding up that cask, grinning and laughing and saying to himself, 'That is the deacon for me.' The deacon stared, looked badly, and without delay gave up the traffic, determining that he would be the devil's deacon no longer.—Jour. of Humanity.

WHY AND BECAUSE.

Why is the table of the year called a calendar?

Because the Romans called the first day of each month *Calends* from a word which signified calling; on account of the pontiffs on those days calling the people together to apprise them of the festivals in the month then beginning.

Why is the calendar of the year called an almanac?

Because of its derivation from the Arabic, *Almanach*, to count. Verstegan makes the word of German origin, *Almanach*; and says that our Saxon ancestors were in the practice of carving the annual courses of the moon upon a small piece of wood, which they called *Almanach*, (almon heed.)

Why are the days of the week called by their present names?

Because our Saxon ancestors dedicated them respectively to their gods; thus Sunday from Sunnandæg, or sun's-day, because it was dedicated to the worship of the sun; Monday from Monandæg, to the moon; Tuesday from Tiu'sday, the most ancient of the Germans; Wednesday, a contraction of Wodans or Odins day; Thursday, from Thor's-day, or the Thunderer's day, to the worship of Thor, the highest of the sons of Odin; Friday, from Friga, the wife of Odinn; and Saturday, from Sæterdæg, from the idol Sæter.

Why are two weeks called a fortnight?

Because of its contraction from the Saxon for fourteen nights; from the custom of the ancient northern nations to count by nights; thus we say, this day seven, or se'nicht for a week.

SUMMER SCHOOLS.

F. J. HUNTINGTON, BOOKSELLER, HARTFORD.

Begs leave to call the attention of those interested in primary schools for children, which are usually commenced in the spring and summer seasons, to

PETER PARLEY'S GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

The Geography contains 9 maps and 75 engravings; the History contains 144 pages and 75 engravings, and are sold at about one quarter the price of other books on these subjects.

THEY have been found on almost universal trial, to be the most admirable little works to convey to the young mind just such a knowledge of these sciences, as shall best prepare young minds to enter with the greatest possible advantage upon the study of larger works.

From the Missionary Herald.

"Peter Parley's Geography in Modern Greek.—By the following extract of a letter from a gentleman now in Greece, it appears that the popular Geography of Mr. Parley is about to be introduced into that country.

"We have Peter Parley's Geography translated; but I have not put it to press, because we want the cuts for it. There could hardly be a better book on the subject for Greece, if we had all the cuts for the costumes of the different nations. I perceive that this little book has passed through seven editions in one year in the United States of America, and it well deserves its good reputation. Will not the Board, or some friend, procure for us all these cuts? If Mr. Parley (I know not who he is) would make a donation of them, I should feel peculiarly happy in introducing him to more than 30,000 youths in the Greek nation, who would not fail to cherish for him more than ordinary reverence and gratitude. We are happy to learn that the author has generously offered to make a donation of the cuts and plates, and that they will shortly be transmitted to Malta.

From the Journal of Education.

"This is the best introduction to geography that has appeared for young beginners. Its familiar narrative style and well selected engravings give it the attraction of a story and picture book. The first engraving, representing the earth with men and ships on all sides, and surrounded by clouds and stars, is worth the price of the book.

The author says he has sought to give to a work designed principally for the use of schools, the attractive qualities of books of amusement. The cold and formal style of most books of juvenile knowledge, is probably the real cause that has driven parents and teachers to the use of books of fiction for children."

From the Albany Argus.

"Peter Parley's Geography.—We seize the occasion which the issuing of the second edition of this little book affords us, to say that it is one of the most instructive and amusing, as it is one of the most popular, of the modern works of juvenile knowledge. It gives in the happiest manner, to a work designed chiefly for the use of schools, the attractive qualities of books of amusement. Like all the productions of this sort from the gifted author, it is peculiarly adapted in the language and illustrations, to the capacities and instruction of children. In relation to the manner adopted by the clever Mr. Parley, we adopt his prefatory language—

"As fiction derives its interest from its resemblance to truth, I can see no reason in the nature of the case why matters of fact may not be presented in a guide to the young, as well as matters of imagination. One of the principal sources of interest in the juvenile tale of Robinson Crusoe, is the appearance of reality which the author has thrown over the narrative. Now if fiction thus borrows its attractions from truth, why is it necessary to deal so largely in fiction in the instruction of youth? Perhaps the sarcasm of the player to the preacher, 'we represent fiction as if it were truth, and you preach truth as if it were fiction,' is applicable to the subject. The cold and formal style of most books of juvenile knowledge, is probably the real cause that has driven parents and teachers to the use of books of fiction for children."

From the Boston Traveller.

"Peter Parley's Geography.—The different works by that great traveller and close observer of men and places, Peter Parley, have become so popular in schools, and among the young portion of our community, that his name prefixed to almost any volume would constitute a passport to general circulation and popular favor. The last of this old gentleman's contributions that we have examined, is his 'method of telling about Geography to children.'

As the eye is the most active of the senses, and an impression obtained from actual observation is most correct and enduring, he has multiplied visible images, and illustrated by pictures the most important portions of the work. Occasionally, opportunities, too, are embraced of inculcating lessons of morality and virtue upon the youthful heart. The sooner, say we, the juvenile bosom can be made to feel the gentle and genial influences of truth, love, humanity and religion, the better."

From the Vermont Chronicle.

"This is a neat little volume, designed for the use of children of early age; and we have not seen one among the many of the kind, which appears to be so well calculated to interest and instruct the young scholars. The author has, as he tells us in the preface, treated the subject in a somewhat colloquial style, taking often a story-teller's latitude in the use of phraseology, in the method of illustration, and in the arrangement of facts."

The work contains 9 maps and 75 engravings. The latter are designed to show the peculiarities of different nations in their costumes and employments. The maps, and mode of instruction on them, are extremely well adapted to the comprehension of the child.

The plan of introduction is, if we are not mistaken, new; and which will doubtless be found well adapted to initiate the pupil into the study of geography. The first lesson consists of questions relating to things with which he is acquainted, or can easily be taught by familiar objects—such as inquiries about the town which he lives in—what a town, a city, a river, a mountain, &c. is—the points of compass, &c.; by which the pupil is led into a knowledge of the terms in Geography, preparatory to being instructed in things beyond his acquaintance.—Under the head of the Asia and New Testament, with a sketch of the history of the Christian religion.

Having had some acquaintance with the wants of our common schools, we feel confident in saying this little work is well deserving the attention of those who have the direction of them; and that it will supply a deficiency in studies, adapted to children, which has long been felt by teachers; but which, till within a few years, has not received that attention from the community, which its importance demanded."

March 23. 10

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY.

Having been duly organized, are now ready to receive proposals for FIRE and MARINE INSURANCE.

RANGE, at the office in State Street, a few doors west of Front Street.

THIS Institution was incorporated by the Legislature of this State, for the purpose of effecting FIRE and MARINE INSURANCE. Its capital is \$150,000, with liberty to increase the same to HALF A MILLION OF DOLLARS. The first named sum is all paid in or secured, and the whole amount, (\$150,000) is vested in Bank funds, Mortgages, and approved endorsed notes; all which, on the shortest notice, could be converted into cash, and appropriated to the payment of losses. The Directors pledge themselves to issue policies on as favorable terms as any other Office in the United States, and by fairness and liberality in conducting the business of the Company, they expect to gain the confidence of the public. The following gentlemen are Directors of the Company:

Wm. W. Ellsworth, Martin Cowles, Solomon Porter, Martin Wells, Jeremiah Brown, Henry Waterman, Merrick W. Chapin, Samuel Kellogg, James B. Hosmer, Daniel P. Hoekstra, Nathan Morgan, Charles Sheldon, Henry Hudson, Henry A. Perkins, Roderick Terry, Horatio Alden, Edward Watkinson, Joshua P. Burnham, Thomas C. Perkins, C. H. Northam, D. F. Robinson.

WM. W. ELLSWORTH, Pres. THOMAS C. PERKINS, Sec'y.

Hartford, Jan. 1833. 10

TEMPERANCE HOTEL IN HARTFORD.

THE Subscriber has taken the House situated in the north part of Main street, formerly known as Cooley's Farmer's Hotel, and lately occupied by Mr. Dean, as a Tavern, which he will open on the first of April next. His intention is to conduct the establishment on Temperance principles, and to the exclusion of all ardent spirits. The friends of Temperance are cordially requested to patronize it, that they may derive the double advantage of being served, and of serving a good cause. Those not friendly to this cause are invited to call and judge for themselves, and they are assured that no pains shall be spared to render their situation agreeable.

That there has been no Public House of the kind in Hartford is spoken of with regret, whilst similar establishments exist in many of our large towns. Whether this experiment will succeed, depends on the public patronage. If it should fail, a similar attempt will not probably be again made.

This establishment will be known as the CITY CORNER HOUSE, where travellers and inmates will be furnished with the most satisfactory accommodations. The rooms, beds, furniture, and provisions for the table will